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A N
EPISTOLARY TREATISE;

ADDRESSED TO THE

REV. RICHARD WATSON, D.D. F.R.S. &c. &c.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

EPICOLAR THEATRE

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THREE TWO SEVEN

A N
EPISTOLARY TREATISE;
ADDRESSED TO THE
REV. RICHARD WATSON, D.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. &c.
CONTAINING
CURSORY REMARKS on the CODE of GENTOO LAWS,
PUBLISHED BY THE EAST-INDIA COMPANY,
and on the Original SHANSCRITTA LANGUAGE in which they are written.
TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A DISSERTATION, by MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,
ON THE
UTILITY and IMPORTANCE of the ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

There was a Wight of mongrel kind,
Cleric before, and Lay behind;
A lawless linsy-woolsey Brother,
Half of one order, half another:
As if Hypocrisie and Nonfense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience;
For we are best of all led to
Men's principles, *by what they do.* HUDIBRAS.

Is not there Humour and Satire in Sir Joshua's reducing the *swaggering and colossal*
haughtiness of Henry the 8th to the *boyish jollity* of Master Crewe?
Advertisement to Mr. H. Walpole's 4th Vol. of his Anecdotes
of Painting in England, p. vii.

If a man of inferior cast and inferior abilities to any person *well-skilled in any profession*,
should say to him by way of setting off his own excellence, "You have in fact no
" skill whatever," in that case the magistrate shall fine him four hundred *Puns of*
Cowries. Code of Gentoo Laws, ch. 15. sect. 2.

By the Author of the HEROIC EPISTLE and HEROIC ADDRESS,
to the same Reverend Personage.

Thomas James Mathias
I have built
Two Chuntries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. SHAKESP. Hen. 5.

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MDCCLXXX.

ADVERTISING
EPISTOLARY TREASURY

APPROVED TO THE
REV. RICHARD WATSON, D.D. 1825

CURIOUS REMARKS ON THE POET OF GENTOO LAKE

AND OF THE CHINESE, WITH A COMMENTARY IN WHICH THE

ORIGINALS ARE EXPLAINED

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ORIENTAL LIBRARY

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Κατὰ νῆας ἀνα στρατόν ἐρχομαι Οἶος,
Νυκτὰ δὲ ὀρφναῖν, ὅτε β' ἔγδοῦσι ἔροτοί αλλοί. HOM.

THE following Treatise, which some may term a Jeu d'esprit, or Gentoo bagatelle, may probably be considered as a mere trifle, which perhaps may blaze for a moment, and then vanish for ever. But it is to be remembered, that meteors often play their idle coruscations before the

* It has been a matter of very entertaining speculation to me to observe the various Gentlemen to whom my works have been ascribed; in which have been exercised much ingenuity, and great good-nature; I have indeed heard of several, though I find the generality of Conoscenti or Coxcombs who know all authors by their style, have fixed it on a REV. MR. RENNELL, late Fellow of King's College in Cambridge, and now Prebendary of Winchester. I am proud of the honour conferred on me; though I believe these Conoscenti will be soon convinced it is not the performance of *so very young a man* § as Dr. W. and Co. imagined, but one long conversant with men and manners; I mean, by a *Work* † which I intend to publish with the most convenient speed. However, in justice to Mr. RENNELL, I must say he has been represented to me, as a man of first-rate abilities, glowing fancy and real genius, to which he has added a depth of erudition and solidity of judgment rarely to be met with in men of his age. I would advise him to beware of the poppy which stalled ‡ Theology is apt to wave over the heads of her chosen sons, to unfold his uncommon talents, and in the words of Corneille's Poet,

Successus urgere suos, instare favori
Numinis.

I have not spoken thus highly of him, *because* he is an *Etonian*, from a fond foolish predilection for the place of his education; though it would be neither foolish nor *unnatural in me*, to speak with reverence of

Those distant spires, those antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her *Henry's* holy shade!

I can assure all those whom it may concern, that *I stand single*; and this is all the information they ever will have concerning me: I have no *Eurialus* whatever to assist me in my enterprizes, however bold they may seem; *Volsens* may rave; *Nisus* will never tremble;

Hasta volans noctis diverberat umbras.

§ I do not call Dr. W. himself an *old man*.

† I mean a *Work in prose*, in which Dr. W. will be the Vehicle for a bold display of various *well-known* characters, and then I *really* shall leave Dr. W. *for ever*.—I have also (like Mr. Giles Jacob or Dr. R. W.) a *Poem of my own writing in MS.* by me not yet finished, which begins—but I won't say how it begins; suffice it to say, (what I will answer will prove true) that as Mr. Theobald profoundly observes, None but itself can be its parallel.

‡ THE CHURCH considered *merely* as a civil establishment, with all its Bishoprics, Deanries, Prebends, &c. reminds me of the fabled Elm:

In medio ramos annosq; brachia pandit
Ulmus opaca, ingens, quam sedem Somnia vulgo
Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus harent.

VIRG. ÆN. 6.

whole

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whole collected fury of the storm descends: and this Treatise, trifling as it seems, may be the vaunt-courier of an unexpected thunderbolt, which may strike flat the thick rotundity of many a nobler head than plume-pluckt Richard's.

As to myself, I am no longer to be deceived by ostentation; I know the power of my plume; its towering pride may be hawked at by mousing owls, but was not made to be killed by them. I believe, however, there are a chosen few, who may perhaps remember with some sentiment of gratitude, when he is no more, a Man who dared to bring forth publicly the labouring thoughts that rolled within his breast; who, while Imposture was stalking abroad with shameless front in the eye of gairish day, stood forth, and with the spirit of the unbending Grecian,

Mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus, primusq; obflere contra;
Quem nec fama Virum, nec fulmina, nec minitanti
Murmure compressit Granta;

who in an honest thought of common good, rose up to rescue the abilities of our rising youth from the drudgery to which he saw certain men were endeavouring to condemn them, that They might lord it at large in unopposed freedom; a man, I say, who strove to deliver them from the labyrinths of laborious Oriental * nonsense, from ploughing that unfruitful ocean, that ἀλα ἀτρύγετον, as Homer would call it, and guided them with a friendly hand to the haven of useful Literature where he wished they should be. Such were the motives which I could not withstand, or I never would have engaged in so tedious a research, with not a hope of profit or of pleasure, and with little prospect even of being read.

Ἀλλὰ Θεοὶ τῶν μὲν μανὶν ἀπέτρεψατε γλώσσας,
Ἐκ δ' ὅσιων στομάτων καθάρην ὀχετεύσατε πηγὴν †.

Junius beheld a Grafton placed on the highest eminence of envied power; he aimed the shaft; the region round about trembled ere he sent

* "F. Angelo de St. Joseph speaks much of the beauty and copiousness of the Arabic Language: he assures us it has no less than 1000 names for a sword, 200 for a serpent, 500 for a LION, 80 for honey, &c. &c." Chambers's Dict. Art. Arabic; a Book in which Dr. W. is deeply read. Nocturnâ versate manu, &c.

† Empedocle. Fragm. ap. Reliq. Poet. Philosoph. H. Steph. 1573. p. 20.

it forth; it was the shaft of unerring vengeance: the black-spotted Dove already quivered on the mast; then fell loosened and transfixed at once:

*Liquidis in nubibus arsit arundo,
Signavitq; viam flammis:*

But it was not the flame of idle portent: No—Junius blazed like another comet; he was felt through the arctic sky; each lesser Orb that rolled along the polar void shrunk at his caustic approach, ere he fired the length of Ophiuchus. It is not so with my weak efforts; what has the general world to do with me and them? I aim at no Dove of state; and though I should transfix a theologic owl perched on a pinnacle of the temple, the sable bird and well-sped shaft will drop to earth together unseen or unregarded; no sky will lour; no Minister will give a second groan. But if, conscious of efficient faculties, I should ever bid my spirit assume a nobler port, that spirit which never yet bowed to indolence or fear; if with subject changed and enlarged thought, I should rise in my career and appeal to a higher tribunal; if I should take the trumpet and blow a dolorous and a jarring blast, it might rouse a dormant state, it might perhaps command the attention of mightiest men, who would hear the sound though they knew not whence it came; for though I have resolved to sink without even the umbra of a name, and make wing to the rooky wood, compassed round with star-proof darkness; yet my obscurity may be of such a nature, as to remind certain men of what the Historian of the Hebrews has recorded, a darkness which might be felt. This is not the language of an upstart coxcomb; he would hardly understand the terms. But I know not what should hinder me from speaking boldly as I ought to speak, and declaring the nature of my sentiments. We remember to have read of the injured Hero of ancient Latium; whose heart-sprung indignation, maddening sorrow, and sense of conscious worth, wrought up the powers of his unsubmitting soul to that painful pitch, when utterance was denied him, and sullen silence became the sole interpreter of his troubled conceptions; till at last the weight was removed, the film was withdrawn from his sight, he staid his chariot wheels, and viewed with patriot glance the accumulated miseries of his native city.

*Discussæ umbræ, et lux reddita menti;
Ardentes oculorum orbes ad mœnia torfit
Turbidus, eq; rotis MAGNAM respexit ad URBEM.*

b

I shall

I shall be told I know not what I say, perhaps I shall be told right; I am sure I speak only of embryo consequences, which may perhaps be registered in the iron leaves of the dark and eventful book: but such are my sentiments, which had I not expressed, I had still harboured in my breast;

For silence less'neth not my fire;
But told, it flames; and hidden, it would glow.

I know the contempt which such a generous avowal of them will naturally draw upon me; I already observe the Critic's frown, the Politician's surly snarl, and the pretty sarcasm of the Witling. But these are considerations which move me not: I know it is the property of the Hyæna never to be tamed, and of malice seldom to be appeased; I know the toothless serpent can hiss, and that envy will grin with distorted impotence. However, there are some, who feeling within them the same powers, will tacitly acknowledge their own sentiments when they read mine; who will bear honourable testimony that they neither do nor can proceed from little vanity, but from that laudable desire of honest (though unknown) reputation, which is declared by Tacitus to be the last infirmity* of noble minds. But I am not selfish; I have not the disposition of the Turk; I wish to behold many a man of genius, whom I might stile in the language of the Roman Orator,

Socium et confortem gloriosi laboris.

A man has little to fear who, like me, is contented with his small preferment, who loves a quiet morsel of bread better than a stalled ox, and wishes, with Sterne, that Heaven may shower down it's mitres upon those heads which are aching for them. Yet whatever be our preferment, whatever be our accomplishments, whether the hand of nature hath liberally imparted her choicest gifts, or the lamp of study enlightened the page of scientific lore, and unsphered the spirit of ancient sages; whether ambition hath had her perfect work, and raised us, Thurlow-like, to the highest pinnacle of envied eminence, or stored our coffers with the patrician treasures of a Holland or a Rigby; whatever, I say, be our accomplishments, we should all do well to remember, that we

* Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur. TACIT. H. 4. l. 6.

must all feel and know, at the tremendous hour when the cold pause of life is creeping on our enfeebled faculties, that "Virtue with content is the greatest gain." But as the term Virtue implies the exertion of some energy, and as the moments of rest and obscurity in any man's life are the same, he should take heed that Idleness repress not the current of his faculties; he should prove, by the ends of being, that he has been; and trim his lamp with hallowed assiduity, that the flame of Genius wax not pale and ineffectual. For though our existence on earth is but a cloudy speck, as it were, in the firmament of eternity; yet as the Creator hath stamped in plainest character, the love of activity in the human soul, I think we should exert it in whatever subject he hath given us large discourse and godlike capability; for though even an Atwood must perish, nor will it avail him,

*Aërias tentasse domos, animoq; rotundum
Percurrisse polum morituro;*

yet should we not despair, but if we feel within us a spark of the celestial radiance, we should be lifted up by the same gale, which once sustained the pinion of the Dircean † Eagle; we should, like him, behold with a calm still face the be-all and the end-all of terrestrial substances, and endeavour to lengthen the date of our existence in other times and in other generations.

I should be ashamed of myself, if I blushed for what I have advanced; or did not glory in the spirit which has dictated words like these.

But whatever be my destiny, I will think for myself, and utter my sentiments with the ingenuous freedom of a gentleman; but I will bow neither to "Bishops in cumbent attitudes, nor to cross-legged Templars, who (as Mr. Horace Walpole † observes) admit no grace, nor require any." But when I speak of men, whose reputation envy may in vain attempt to blast, it shall be of the venerable LOWTH, and the

* Θανεῖν οἷσιν ἀνάγκη,
Τι καὶ τις ἀνώνυμον γῆρας ἐν σκοτῶ
Καθημένος ἐφοῖ ματάν, ἀπάντων
Καλῶν ἀμμορός; PIND. OL. I.

† Anecdotes of Painting in England, vol. 4. p. 96.

science-sealed BRYANT; and when I wish to contemplate the expanding blossoms of cultivated genius, I shall turn with rapture to † WILLIAM JONES and ‡ GEORGE ATWOOD: but the altar of luxury and pride shall never flame with any incense of mine. For I am a person not to be intimidated by the menaces of the Great, or provoked by the contempt of what is called The world; but I will boldly stand forth and address myself, as unto wise men who can judge and understand what I say: I can no longer bear with patience the effrontery of literary Imposture, or the mock-dignity of assumed character.

Ναφε, και μεμνασ' ΑΠΙΣΤΕΙΝ· αθρα ταυτα των φρενων.

† Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues.

SHAKESP.

This ingenious and very able Man is so well known to the world that his character needs no illustration from my pen. Elegance, learning, and genius are united in all his various works. He is almost the only modern who has treated *Eastern* subjects with propriety; but it is to be remembered, he has considered them merely as matters of amusement, and not as of serious importance; in which I readily join with him. Every reader of taste admires his *Commentaries* on the Asiatic Poetry, in which (to use his own words) are displayed, "Et eruditi auctoris singulare judicium, tum Latini sermonis venustas et nitor." Comment. cap. 1. p. 2.

‡ This is the young man of whose abilities I have made such frequent and honourable mention; (See my Heroic Epistle to Dr. W. v. 165, with the note; and my Heroic Address, p. 3d. of the Advertisement.) This is the Genius, *E silentio et tenebris in lucis et gloria transferendus aternitatem*, GEORGE ATWOOD, M. A. I wish it were in my power to lift him up to light, or to recommend Him to the notice of THOSE whose duty it is to search for unbefriended merit. In his prosperity he shall never hear of me, in the moment of adversity always. I know such a man is of consequence; if He lives, we shall know something. As to his various attainments in the more trifling departments of Learning, "Illas in tanto Viro referre injuria virtutum fuerit."

Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime.

And views with mystic ken his Atwood's hour of prime!

[2]

A N

EPISTOLARY TREATISE.

D E A R S I R,

AS you have lately demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt, the utility, importance, and almost absolute *necessity* of cultivating languages of such harmonic structure as the Nagri, the Shanscritta, the Persian, the Arabic, and *many other* kindred tongues or branches of the oriental stock ; I thought it incumbent on me to employ some part of my liberal leisure, to confirm in my degree the truth of what you have delivered with your Professorial sagacity, as the result of deep thought and severe investigation. You have doubtless received infinite pleasure from the perusal of my late Heroic Address in Prose (not forgetting the Heroic Epistle) in which I have justly celebrated the ingenious plan of your Oriental Academy, which every *rational* member of the University of Cambridge wishes to behold established in it's full and *proper* splendor ; as the glory of your literary reign, over which the British Parliament, and the Senate of Granta, will doubtless concur to diffuse the lustre of their concentrated influence. But whatever is delayed, is not to be considered as absolutely rejected ; and that patience, which you have learned to practise in the calm *unmolested* retreats of Philosophy,

In fair Lycæum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus and the thymy vale,
Where oft enchanted with Socratic sounds
Ilyssus pure devolves his tuneful stream;

I say, that Patience and meek-eyed expectation, which you have caught in recesses like these, will naturally instruct you not to anticipate too early the completion of this important Palladium of human Learning. I have been told that after your memorable Discourse during the 9th and 10th of May 1780, you informed the *Fenny-Perfic* Anguillarian curates, that, though you considered it as the favourite amusement of your life, yet you could wait till it's own intrinsic merit recommended it to the public notice; not without some hope that it might be accomplished before that solemn period, when you should descend in silent peaceful *oblivion* to the dark and narrow house;

When *Watson*, long enough his country's pride,
Shall be no more than *Walton* or than *Hyde*.

It was with much concern that I perceived my Bookseller, with a matchless effrontery peculiar to himself, had presumed (without my privity) to prefix an *Arabic* motto to my Heroic Address, and to compare your knowledge in that language to the attainments of one Mr. Edmund Curl; who being attacked by some miscreant emissaries from Palæstine, boldly refused for a space to apostatize from his former profession; till overcome (like Pindar's *feather'd King*) by the magic of *Arabian* and *Hebrew* harmony, *not understood*, submitted to that horrid ceremony, in which the Reverend Jonathan Swift testifies that he lost five times as much as any Jew ever lost before. The title page was printed; and Mr. Becket, not having the fear of *you* or Edmund Curl before his eyes, boldly refused to obliterate the mystic characters which he himself had devised; nor would He, any more than greater personages than him, condescend to give a favourable hearing to my *bumble remonstrance*.

I therefore remembering the words, the awful words of the Sabine Poet, that sounds once sent forth cannot be recalled; and
con.

considering the great injustice which has been done to you in this respect, and your marvellous multifarious skill in Oriental lore, which (as the kings of France and Spain observe in their late manifestos) *is notorious to the whole world*; could not think of wiping off so foul a stain in your literary escutcheon more effectually, than by dedicating to you, in this public manner, a few cursory remarks on the code of Gentoo Laws and the original *Shanscritta* language, in which they are composed, and which you observe, with great justice and shew of reading, to be a little younger than the *Nagri*. I sincerely wish it had been in my power to have presented you with some specimens (which *even you* possibly may not have yet seen, though I speak with diffidence) from the *paternal Nagri*; but though that *language* has now ceased among the sons of India, to the *unspeakable* detriment of good and useful learning, yet the wonders of the magic tree, in the shady precincts of Tartarus, have been renewed in the harmonious *Shanscritta*;

Primo avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.

It is not with a view of giving you the least new information on a subject well known to you already; for I profess myself to be but a *shallow dabbler* (to use an elegant expression of your own) in these subjects; but as every author naturally desires (or ought to desire) a Patron, who is qualified by nature or study to decide on the subject which he handles; to whom could I with so much propriety address myself on this occasion as to the Reverend Dr. Richard Watson, his Majesty's Professor of Divinity, and Fellow of the Royal Society? For I am perfectly of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that "every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced "only by the skillful and the learned." This passage you remember I have taken from Dr. Johnson's preface to Shakespeare, to whom the world will allow that you bear no distant resemblance, if what Dryden* has delivered concerning that great man is true. For to adapt his words; you certainly are the man, who (like Shake-

* Dryden. Essay on Dramatick Poesie.

speare) of all modern and perhaps ancient personages, possess the largest and *most comprehensive* soul. The images of nature are present to you, and (like Shakespeare) you draw them not laboriously, but *luckily*; when you describe any thing, we more than see it, we feel it too. Those who accuse you (like Shakespeare) to *want learning*, give you the greater commendation; you (like Shakespeare) are naturally learned; you need not the spectacles of books to read nature; you look *inwards* and find her there. I cannot say you are every where *alike*; were you so, I should do you (like Shakespeare) injury to compare you with the greatest of mankind. But as you have said, that "if truth can be offensive to any party, you fear not in speaking truth, to offend them all;†" so you certainly will not be *offended with me*, in *speaking truth*; when I assert, that you (like Shakespeare) are many times flat and insipid; that your comic wit (like Shakespeare's) sometimes degenerates into clutches, and your *serious swelling* into bombast. But you (like Shakespeare) are always *great*, when some *great occasion* is presented to you; no man can say that you (like Shakespeare) ever had a fit subject for your wit, and did not *then* raise yourself as high above the rest of Politicians and Professors (as Shakespeare did above all Poets, in which you decline the contest with him).

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

Dr. Johnson says of Shakespeare, as I say of you, "it is to be lamented that such a writer should want a commentary, or that his language should be *obsolete*, or his sentiments *obscure*." But it is vain to carry our wishes beyond the condition of human things: what has happened to Shakespeare, has happened to you, though you enjoy this envied proud distinction at an earlier period. But as this is merely in reference to the *vulgar English tongue*, it is of little signification in the present case: you and I have learned to revere the dialects of other nations; we are not tickled with the manly mode of Miltonic harmony, the expressive and mellifluous cadence of a Pope, or the rapid resistless eloquence of a Bolingbroke or a Junius; no—the bolder flights of a * *Firdousi*,

† Dr. Watson's Fast Sermon, 1780.

* Mr. Jones, speaking of this Poet's compositions says, "Facile docto Arabi Taalebio assentior, qui hos versus in suo genere admirabiles putat; sed Arabicè legantur necesse est." Jones's Comment. Asiatic Poet. p. 209.

or an *Ebni Fiad*; the nervous periods of the mighty Historian of *Timour*; with all that enchants the fond adoring tribes of Bramins and Pundits on the hallowed shores of ambrosial Ganges. I am certain I cannot gratify you in a more exquisite manner than by offering to your candour these few remarks on the Gentoos; but *particularly* on the Shanscritta Language, which *you know* to be younger than the Nagri, in which they are written. For this knowledge I am indebted to the Editor and Translator of this code, Mr. *Nathaniel Brassey Halhed*, who has executed his part with the utmost fidelity and diligence, or at least I am sure I should be very ungrateful if I were to question them. The book is curious, entertaining, and instructive; the Translator's preface not unfrequently deep and learned. Indeed my occupations will not suffer me to be very minute; though I hope I shall be pretty accurate as far as I go. You will not be surprized at my frequent appeals to you, in the words, *you know* such and such a thing; as nothing in *Oriental Literature* can possibly have escaped you; especially as the world entertains a sanguine expectation that you will one day gratify them with a *new* and more perfect Edition of the *Polyglott Bible*.

I have no doubt, but that if your good fortune had settled you in the Regions of the East, you would have been called in by the Governor General *the Honourable Warren Hastings*, to give your assistance in this great work, the compilation of the code of Gentoo Laws, now under consideration. But you were destined to illuminate an University still labouring under a partial cloud of Gothic darkness, notwithstanding the light which you have *endeavoured* to diffuse around that Theologic citadel. I lament indeed that you have been buried among the ruins of such an *inland* Seminary; for had you started forth on the wing of daring ambition, instead of being numbered with such *apron-bellied Anglo-Oriental Caffres* as Pagninus, Galatinus, Arias Montanus, Felix Pratensis, and Elias Levita †—we should have read the name of Richard Watson (*a little lengthened*) enrolled among the Bramins of renown and sanctity, with * *Ra'm Gopaul Neeagalunkur, Bereechar Punchanun*,

† See Dr. Watson's late *Charge*.

* Preliminary Discourse to the Code, p. lxxvi. ed. 8vo. Names of *some* of the Bramins who compiled the work.

*Kishen Juin, Baneehur Beedyalunkar, with Kishen Chund Sareb Bhoom, Kishen Keisub Teralunkar, and Kalee Sunker Beedyabagees, under whose auspices that everlasting Pootee * was disposed in lucid arrangement, and with admirable brevity.*

The Preliminary Discourse † (written by the *compiling Bramins*) sets out with an observation full of deep thought and accurate logical argument, which will doubtless approve itself to an understanding like yours. It runs thus: "From men of *enlightened* understandings and *sound* judgment, who, in their researches after truth, have *swept away* from their hearts *the dust* of malice and opposition, it is not concealed, that the contrarieties of religion, and diversities of belief, which are causes of envy and of enmity to the Ignorant, are in fact *a manifest demonstration* of the Power of the supreme Being. For it is evident, that a *Painter*, by sketching a multiplicity of figures, and by arranging a variety of colours, procures a reputation among men; and a *Gardener*, for planting a diversity of shrubs, and for producing a number of different flowers, gains credit and commendation; *wherefore* it is absurdity and ignorance to view in an inferior light him who created both the Painter and the Gardener." I need not point out to you the beauties of metaphor and the accuracy of demonstration here displayed. You observe with pleasure men of *enlightened* understanding and *sound* judgment (like yourself) compared to Chambermaids, and exult in the consideration that there are men who (like yourself) *have swept away the dust of malice and opposition* from their hearts; though it does not appear but these men still retain a few slight *cobwebs* about *the brain*; but however *I* will endeavour, with my little broom, to *sweep away* such trifles, or at least with the feather of *my* pen. We next behold Sir Richard Blackmore himself fresh from the East; for lo, the Sublimest of all Beings put in competition with a *Painter* and a *Gardener*! though with some shew of justice, *the Painter* and *the Gardener* are allowed to be inferior. My admiration next passes to the irresistible force of *the demonstration of the power* of the Supreme Being. Why is he

* The Gentoo name for a Code of Laws.

† Prel. Disc. p. lxxiii. ed. 8vo.

all-powerful? Why? *because* he permits *diversities of Religion*. Though, perhaps to common understandings, this is not *the first* striking effect of omnipotence, yet the author considers the works of the creation, the Elements, the Seasons, in a secondary light, But now I am fain to implore that one ray of your *enlightened Understanding* might communicate to mine, in explaining the elegant transition of *For it is evident*—(then vide the Painter and the Gardener) &c. that is, *because* they work in *their* respective occupations, *therefore* we are to regard the Supreme Being as superior to them, which to deny I cordially agree would be both *absurdity and ignorance*, with neither of which qualities I can suppose either you or any Gentoo Pundit to abound.

But that we may not be at a loss still to comprehend Omnipotence, and the glory of the Gentoos, there follows in the next page what Plutarch would call *close-hammered* argument, σφυραϊς καὶ ἡλοῖς ἀρασσομενον; after we have been informed that the Supreme Being *appoints* * to every sect *its own* religion; to the Mussulman, Christian, Hindoo, &c. i. e. that He is “the *Intimate* of the Mussulman, the *Friend* of the Hindoo, the *Companion* of the Christian, and the *Confidant* of the Jew:” then, from the consideration of these different characters, we shall doubtless accede to what is next advanced—“*Wherefore* men of *exalted* notions, not being bent upon *Hatred and Opposition*, but *considering* the collected Body of Creatures as an object of *the power* of the Almighty, by investigating the *contrarieties* of sect, and the *different* customs of Religion, have stamped to themselves a *lasting reputation* upon the page of the World, *particularly* in the extensive Empire of HINDOSTAN, *which is a most delightful country*, and wherein are collected great numbers of Turks, of Persians, of Tartars, of Scythians, of Europeans, of Armenians, and of Abyssinians.”
Dii Boni! *Vosstram Potentiam!*

Ἀλλὰ τῇ τοι ταῦτα μάτην ἀνεμῶδια ἐαζοί;

* It is an article of Faith among the Bramins that God's all-merciful power would not have permitted such a number of different religions, *if* he had not found a *pleasure* in beholding *their Varieties*. Translator's Preface, 4to. p. xlix. 8vo. p. 46.

Why

Why should I trouble you with any more theologic Bramin reasoning, who are considered by some men to exceed the *half-reasoning Elephant* himself, which is no inconsiderable thing, *considering* the affection with which Mr. Pope speaks of this *voluminous* argumentator and his intellectual proboscis. I dare say, the above reasoning reminds you of a favourite Poet * (*ο μαχαρις* as great men speak of one another)

Their eyes so bright
Let in the object and let out the light.

Though as you are fond of poetical allusions, and in your Fast Sermon gave the world to know that you could wield at will the figures of a bold and overbearing rhetoric, you may be inclined to call to your remembrance your *deliciae* Sir Richard Blackmore † (I mean no affront to Gregorius Nazianzenus) for these Bramins seem a little to flounder in the sea of argument, as Sir Richard's Leviathan did in the briny main:

—They work, and beat the oozy mud,
And with their slime incorporate the flood,
'Till all th' encumbered thick fermenting stream,
Does like *one Pot of boiling ointment* seem.

I have done with their Theology for the present, and by a transition rather easier and more natural than what I have already mentioned, I come to *Government*. Law and Religion are intimately connected: ask Bishop Warburton, and my L-rd Mansfield if they are not; I need no other testimony. I must own the above divine arguments wear only *the affectation of philosophy*, which Mr. H. Walpole calls † “the trite mantle of the learned;” but what I intend to offer as a specimen of political wisdom, is in my opinion wisdom indeed; though I think I shall hardly be suspected of favouring Despotism. The first section of the Bramin's *own* preface contains an account of the creation, and

* Quarles.

† Blackm. Job. p. 197.

‡ Anecdotes of Painting, vol. 4. p. 7

consequently needs none of mine; but the next is *an Account* of the *qualities* and *duties* of a magistrate* from which I am persuaded you and my Readers will not be displeased with a short extract or two. I think the following ought to be engraven in characters of gold as an everlasting possession: "For four months the Magistrate shall not collect tribute from the subject, but shall give them free agency; and endeavour, by promoting their satisfaction and content, to cause them to cultivate and improve their lands: during the remaining eight months, he shall collect the settled yearly tribute, and shall appoint *Hircarras* and spies throughout the kingdom, to inspect what employment each person pursues, and if tranquillity is preserved; and when men are guilty of crimes he shall cause them to be seized, and becoming as *inexorable as the kingdom of death*, shall inflict punishment on them. Such good works let the Magistrate practise, and let him address the people in kind and affectionate terms, that they may be all contented and thankful under him; and let him be so formidable, that his enemy may not be able to come into his presence; let him also be patient and forbearing, and support the burthens of all his people." I imagine a passage like this is its own comment. But as subordination is necessary, and the Magistrate must have some confidential ministers to act immediately under him, I think, when you shall read the description of *what they should be*, you will accuse the stars as unkind which did not call you into life and light on the Gentoo territory; there you might have risen into estimation and high political office, though you are far too wise to fancy any thing of that kind will ever take place in such an un-enlightened country as Great Britain.

First, I imagine you will esteem yourself qualified to have been a *Leekbuk* or *Moonsbi*†; for it is said, "Whoever has memory to retain what he hears, and who speaks so intelligibly that no doubt of his meaning arises in his audience, and who is a man of good actions and well instructed in science; such person the Magistrate shall constitute his *Leekbuk* or *Moonsbi* and Writer."—The next

* Prel. Disc. p. cx. ed. 8vo.

† Prel. Disc. to Gentoo Laws, p. cxi.

important post you would have aspired to is evidently to have been his *Doot* or *Hircarrab*; † for, “Whoever is of *laudable Principles*, “and *very capable* in all the *Shaster*, and in *business*, and who can “understand the *meaning of a nod* or a sign, and who can discern “from the motion of the Magistrate’s lips, on the aspect of his “countenance, the Magistrate’s pleasure or displeasure, and who “is *respectable before all others*, and who can *well finish* whatever “business he goes upon, and who is not governed by lust, or anger, “or avarice, or *folly*, or drunkenness, or *pride*, and who is ac- “quainted with the different circumstances of all kingdoms, and “can *distinguish proper from improper seasons*, and who is a man of “*strength*, of *courage*, and a *fluent speaker*; such person the Magi- “strate shall appoint his *Doot*, i. e. his Agent and *Hircarrab*.” There is one word, which in all probability has struck you, as it did me I own; it is the word *Folly*; which I was at a loss to comprehend, as you *perhaps* may be, till Mr. Nathaniel Brassey Halhed the translator explained it to me in *his* Preface * to the code.

Mr. Halhed says, “The *Folly* here specified is not to be under- “stood in the *usual sense* of the word in an *European* idiom, as a “negative quality or mere *want of sense*, but as a kind of *obstinately- “stupid* lethargy, or perverse absence of mind, in which the will is *not “altogether* passive. (You begin to comprehend, I dare say) It seems “to be a weakness peculiar to *Asia*, for we cannot find a term by “which to express the precise idea in the *European* Languages; it “operates something like the violent impulse of fear under which “men will utter falsehoods totally incompatible with each other, “and *utterly contrary to their own opinion, knowledge, and conviction*.” Now you comprehend it *fully*. Mr. H. calls it a *temporary frenzy*; but enough of that for the present. I am by no means of the opinion that a well-placed ambition should have its boundary; for I see no reason why you might not have an *Arch-Bramin*, or at least a chief *Pundit*, though indeed it is ordained that the Magistrate shall “give no *molestation* to men of worth.” I think one part of this office would have been peculiarly agreeable to you; for it is

† Prel. Disc. ut sup.

* Page 50. ed. 4to. P. xlviii. ed. 8vo.

said,

said, "He shall retain *in his service* a great number of *Buffoons*, "or *Parasites*, and *Jesters*, and *Dancers*, and *Athletics*;" and you know it is necessary that a *great man* should have some elegant amusements in the intervals of severe occupation. But as it is impossible that all parts of any office should afford equal amusement, I think you would rather be disgusted with the *privacy* required in a magistrate; for it is ordained, that * "at what time "he is desirous to consult with his counsellors, he shall choose a "retired place, on the *top of a mountain* or *in the desert*, or some "such secret recess, and shall hold his council there; and in places "where there are *parrots or other talkative birds*, he shall not hold "his council while they are present." A man like you, who loves that his actions should be *notorious* to the whole world, I think, would ill brook the absence of *parrots or other talkative birds*; inasmuch as you would be always most applauded by them, and they would listen with eagerness to you when nobody else would; for as the old proverbial wisdom says, "*Simile simili gaudet*;" which being interpreted, signifies that *Birds of a feather flock together*.

Your temples were certainly designed to be encircled with the round of sovereignty in some department or other †. You are absolutely already another *Piranesi*, whose *sublime dreams* you have equalled, nay surpassed. Oh! che bel deliro! But in regard to architecture, there is only one slight difference to be sure; his are substantial and permanent; yours *visionary*, political, and theological; but we must always make allowance for *the materials* with which a man works. Though indeed you yourself resemble the quadrangle of All-souls College in Oxford, which Mr. Walpole ‡ observes "has blundered into a *picturesque scenery* not void of grandeur, especially if seen through the gate that leads from the schools."

* Prelim. Disc. to Gent. Laws, p. cxx.

† I cannot help giving the following *royal anecdote*. "When Michael Dahl was painting the picture of the famous Queen Christina, she asked him what he intended she should hold in her hand; he replied, a Fan. Her majesty, whose ejaculations were rarely delicate, vented a very gross one; and added, A fan?—Give me a LION, that is fitter for a Queen of Sweden." Walpole's Anecd. Paint. v. 4. p. 7.

‡ Anecdotes of Painting, vol. 4. p. 46.

For to use again that gentleman's sublime oratory §; "You are *savage* as Salvator Rosa, *fierce* as Michael Angelo, and *exuberant* as Rubens; you have *imagined* scenes that would startle *geometry*, and exhaust *the Indies* to realize. You pile palaces on bridges, and temples on palaces, and scale heaven with mountains of edifices. Yet what *taste* in your boldness! what *grandeur* in your wildness! what *labour and thought* both in your rashness and details!"—Jam fatis—*Shakespeare* and *Piranesi* surely will content you, except you should wish to be compared to the celebrated *Dr. Graham* of the Adelphi, but time fails me *for the present*. But I must return; slight digressions however are pleasing, like the winding of a labyrinth, if you have but a clue in your hand to guide your steps. Indeed I am of *Kent's* opinion that *Nature abhors a straight line*, and yet cordially join with Mr. Walpole* in laughing at "his mimics (for every genius has his apes) who seemed to think that she could love *nothing but what was crooked*." If that were the case, how could Nature concur in fixing on *you* and Shakespeare for her darlings? I must once more thank Mr. Walpole's vivacity on the subject of *imitation*. Your copying Shakespeare reminds me of Mr. Charles Jervas† "who having succeeded *happily* in copying (he thought in surpassing) a picture of *Titian*;" looked first at the one, then at the other, and then with parental complacency cried, "Poor, little *Tit*, how he would stare!"—Now for the art of Pindar to direct me to my subject—*Sequimur te, sancte Deorum*. And *luckily* the laws of his poetry every body will allow lead me very *naturally* to the laws of the Gentoos.

If I should be disposed to arraign any part of the laws of a great nation, some grave personage full of *wise saws* and sentences would tell me, that different nations require different institutions, and

§ See Advertisement to the 4th vol. of his Anecdotes of Painting, p. vi. Mr. H. Walpole is an author whose very absurdities denote the man of genius; but whose curious and useful researches demand the warmest tribute of grateful applause from the votary of taste and science.

* Anecdotes ut sup. p. 142.

† Anecdotes ut sup. p. 12.

would

would harangue upon climate, soil, &c. and would overwhelm me with a *power* of words. Whoever therefore is disposed to speak in this strain, will please to remember that *my anticipation* prevents his discovery. These *remarks* are merely *cursor*y, and I shall not trouble you with above one or two more, before I turn with pleasure to the consideration of the harmonious Shanscritta language, which the reader will remember *you* have demonstrated to be a little younger than the *Nagri*: and for which you certainly are rather impatient.

In the 4th sect. of the 17th chapter of the Code, I find two laws which appear to be the result of no common sagacity, in the philosophic as well as legislative capacity. They are as follows:

1. If a man sees another person in possession of things not suitable to him, he shall suspect him to be a thief.

2. A man who has no income, and whose expences are large, such man shall be suspected for a thief.

The first law must be understood with a few exceptions, but it is just in general, and applicable to more nations than the Gentoos. The *second* I could seriously wish to recommend to the attention of the ——— in our present mode of dissipated life; I really believe no legislator whatever has discovered a deeper* knowledge of the human heart, which the prophet declares, to be deceitful and desperately wicked: but I fear many component members of the ——— would oppose it for too obvious a reason; they would allow with Horace—

Infant veteres statuas Damafippus emendo;

but add, probably with the same strength of argument, but more feeling,

Integer est mentis Damasippi creditor?

* This justifies what the translator says, "Some of their Institutes may be *preferable* to any that could be substituted in their room." Translat. Pref. p. xi. ed. 8vo.

So I am afraid things will be left in the old routine.

As I have given just commendation to *these* laws, I shall be excused if I express a little disapprobation of a particular punishment or two; for instance, in sect. 3, chap. 17.

“ If a *Bramin of moderate capacity*, who is neither very learned, nor very ignorant, commits a robbery that deserves death, the magistrate shall stamp the mark of *the muliebres* upon his forehead with a hot iron, and banish him from the kingdom.”

It is well however he is to be banished the kingdom, or perhaps rather unfortunate, for who knows but another Indian *Minerva* might spring from his *head*, which indeed would be peculiarly serviceable to the East India Company at this present juncture. However, if I were to add any remark on this and *other* occasions in regard to *unseemly* punishments, I should say,

Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Neu *immunda* crepent, ignominiosaq; dicta;

For as Dr. Stuart * has admirably observed, “ they offend delicacy “ in the very act of promoting it.”

The next thing I would observe is still stranger; a poor culprit convicted of a particular kind of theft is condemned “ to be shaven “ with the urine of an ass.” I will not here contend for the Legislator’s knowledge of the human heart; nor could I conceive what was peculiarly intended, till Mr. Nathaniel Brassey Halhed the Translator of the Code informed me, that this punishment †, “ Like the stocks and pillory among ourselves, is intended to “ operate on the *feelings of the mind*, rather than those of the “ *body*, and by awakening the sense of shame and disgrace, to “ obviate the necessity of *Corporal Chastisement*.” I will not take upon me to decide on the nature of Mr. Halhed’s *sensorium*, or whether out of joke he has been *thus shaven* or no; but I am of opinion

* View of Society in Europe. Note 14, to sect. 2, of ch. 2d.

† Translator’s Preface, p. 63, 4to. p. lxi. ed. 8vo.

that

that most Europeans would be inclined to think this *Asinine Urinary* operation as equivalent to any *corporal chastisement* whatsoever, setting aside the finer feelings of the mind.

It would be highly unjust in me not to make one more observation, for the sake of recommending the courtesy of Mr. Nathaniel Brassey Halhed to the kind protection of the Ladies, if ever he should revisit the shores of England. In the 19th chapter of the Code the severest penalties are enjoined to be inflicted on women who transgress the laws of modesty. Mr. H. (the Translator) accounts for it, from the warmth of constitution and natural jealousy of the men; as in the East the first breach of chastity in women is esteemed decisive. Mr. H. adds, * “Moses seems to have considered the offence in at least as serious a light as the Gentoos have done; by ordaining such an offender to be stoned to death. A hard fate surely, if we reflect to how many accidents *so frail an article* is liable, without any intention or fault of its possessor.” Let me add, that in the 1st sect. of that chapter, the third species of adultery is defined to be “When a man carries a woman into a retired place, and the woman *says nothing*: this is called the third and *worst* species of adultery.” Mr. Halhed makes no remark; it appears to me to be founded on the same principle of reasoning, as what I remember to have read in some humorous comedy, “Well, what did he *say*?—Say, why he *said nothing*;—Nothing? there is always *something* in the wind when a great man’s butler *says nothing*.”

I have now finished my remarks on the legal part, which I could have extended into *Commentaries*; but as Horace says, Fortasse Cupressum scis simulare, quid hoc? &c. The remainder will not be long; though much more pleasing to you; I have only to mention it relates to the *Shanscritta*, and not to your favourite original *Nagri* language.

Mr. Halhed informs us that *Hindoostan* (the country of the Gentoos) is a *Persian* word, equally unknown to the *old* or modern

* Translator’s Preface, p. 64.

Shanscritta; it is compounded of Stan, a Region, and Hind or Hindoo, (who, as Col. Dow says, was a son || of Ham). This however is idle; for in the old Shanscritta, Hindostan is denominated *Bertekhunt*, or *Jumboodeep*. Mr. H's derivation of these words is ingenious and lively, "*Jumboodeep* (says he) is from *Jumboo* or "*Jumbook*, a Jackall, an animal *remarkably* abundant in this country, and *Deep*, any large portion of land furrounded by the sea," which is a beautiful periphrasis of *an Island*. As to *Bertekhunt*, (he says) that is derived from *Bherrut*, the name of one of the first Indian Rajahs, and *Khunt*, a continent or wide tract of land. Mr. H. concludes *therefore* that Hindoo was not the original name given by the natives, *because* it appears from what is advanced above, that they used another. Bergerfidius himself could not reason more logically.

I need not inform you, that "* the Shanscritta language is very " copious and nervous, and the stile of the authors *wonderfully* " *concise*." You have not indeed mentioned any of them in your *late Charge*, but every body attributes that to your *modesty*, as you are always unwilling to make a shew of what you have read, or— not read. Added to that, I dare say you remember Dr. Burney's † words, and like him, "in order to avoid, as much as possible, " *loading the page* with Greek (or *Arabic*) you frequently give no- " thing more than references to the edition and page of any au- " thor in question;" besides in these days it is by no means necessary that the *Quoter* should understand the *Quotee*. I dare say you agree with Mr. Halhed that the *Shanscritta* ‡ "far exceeds the " *Greek and Arabic* in the irregularity of its etymology:" this you will easily see, having made almost *equal* progress in the three tongues, and no man can ground any proceedings against you here by a writ of *Quo minus sufficiens existit*. Though perhaps this treasure of yours is *hidden*, and you may be in possession of one of the *well-skill'd* § Mr. Richardson's *Talismans* "which put it in perfect

|| I leave this for Mr. Bryant to *fight out* with the Colonel.

* Translat. Pref. p. xxii. ed. 8vo.

† Burney Hist. Music, v. 1. p. 136. note c.

‡ Pref. ut sup.

§ Richardson's Dissert. on Eastern Languages, ed. 2d. p. 179.

" safety,

“ safety, by rendering it *invisible* to every eye but that of the owner.”

I am rather surprized you were not deterred from applying to this language, as Mr. Halhed says, that “ Some of the Sanscrit Grammars are too *abstruse* even for the comprehension of most Bramins; and others too *prolix* ever to be used but as references.” I think such works must for ever be denied to vulgar use, and you may be permitted to enjoy them without a rival. Though there is one accessible Grammar, it seems, which Mr. Halhed says †, is “ One of the *shortest*, named the *Sarasootee*, that contains between two and three hundred pages, and was compiled by *Anoobhootee Seroopenan Acharigè*, with a *conciseness* that can scarce be paralleled in any other language.” I think, if you would lend me this *concise* Grammar, in a few months even such a common understanding as mine would *begin* to comprehend a few of the principles.

At first I was rather at a loss to comprehend why you had given such severe application to this tongue; but Mr. Halhed has unfolded the mystery. I am now convinced that it ought to be the peculiar study of every Professor of divinity, as that gentleman says*, “ That the *Sanscritta* character, used in Upper Hindostan, is said to be the same *original* letter delivered to the people by *Brichma* (whom *possibly* you may not recollect to be the supposed immediate agent of creation under the spirit of the Almighty) and which is stiled *Diawnager*, or the *Language of Angels*.” Now as you evidently aspire to be an *Angel of light*, I think you acted with propriety in learning their language; though indeed we are told that Angels are of *two sorts*.

If you should *by chance* have mislaid, lost, or forgot your *Sarasootee* Grammar, you will be much gratified in being reminded that in the four *Beids*, which you *remember* are the original Sacred Writings of the Hindoos, the length of the vowels is marked by a musical note or sign called *Mātrāṅ*. I mention this that you may

† Translat. Pref. p. xxiii. ed. 8vo.

* Pref. ut sup.

for the future *mark* your discourses; for though all the world allows them to be *harmonious*, yet there are some ears which think they still require *modulation*; but it is merely for want of the insertion of proper *Mātrāngs*. The original *Sarasootee* has these words: “The vowels are of three sorts, short, long, and continued (or to use a more musical word) holding. The *Chash* (a small bird peculiar to Hindostan) utters one *Mātrāng*; the *Crow* two *Mātrāngs*; and the *Peacock* three *Mātrāngs*; the *Mouse* half a *Mātrāng*.” Now if you will adopt this method, the world will then know how many *Mātrāngs* a *W*— or a *Jackdaw* utters.

Mr. Halhed, to give some *faint* idea of these arbitrary notes, has inserted the following line, with the several *Mātrāngs*:

Tēsē mōōndee krēēlē bēdērōō bēdērōō bēdērōō.

There is no occasion to render this line into English, as even a *shallow dabbler* in the *Shanscritta* may comprehend it. You will observe with Mr. Halhed, that “the last syllable of the word “bēdērōō with three *Mātrāngs* is held for near a minute, gradually “sinking, and then swelling out with a *fresh rinforza* to mark the “*Mātrāngs*.” You may remember in my *Heroic Address*, when I compared your *Preaching* to the Abbate Fibbiett’s *Singing* †, I observed that though your *Intonations* were perfectly true, yet you wanted a *shake a little more open*. I here have added Mr. Halhed’s remark, that you may pay a little more attention to your *gradual sinkings*, and be careful from them to *swell out* with emphatic *fresh rinforzas* to the great edification and entertainment either of a sacred or a *gentle Election Audience*. You know *Verbum sat Sapienti*. The world requires perfection in whatever you undertake.

Though you esteem it rather absurd “* to think of *soothing* the “anxieties incident to human life by perusing *Arabian Poetry*;” yet certainly you never meant it should extend to the *Shanscritta*, which is the *Language of Angels*, who have always been esteemed

† *Heroic Address*, p. 25.

* Dr. W.’s Discourse to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Ely, on May 9 and 10, 1780. p. 4.

consolatory Beings. I *therefore* imagine you have received great comfort and relief from the contemplation of the variety of it's different metres, of the *Munnee Hurreneh Chund*, or line of twelve or nineteen syllables, of the *Cabee Chund*, or line of eleven syllables, and *many other* metres; which *comfort* has doubtless almost increased to the distracting passion of *Love* for them. Yet, though men in general are said to be *bewitched* with *the love* of a particular object, yet you need not be under any such apprehension, for your friend the *well-skill'd* Mr. Richardson could inform you, that “ * an Afs's head, *cabalistically prepared*, is an effectual defence “ against *fascination*.” As *therefore* I may tickle your fancy *with safety*, let me present you with one elegant Poem, or

Afilogue Munneh Hurrenee Chund, or of nineteen syllables.

Oōtkhātum nēēdhēē shungkēyā khyēētēē tēlum dhonātā
gēēreēr dhātēwō
Nēēstēērnē īsērēētām pētēēr prēēpētēyōr yētāēnē fungtōshēētāh
Prāptā kapēē wērātēēhā, &c.

I have given the proper musical Mātrāngs, if you should be inclined to insert it in any future public speech; the translation of it is as follows, by Mr. Halhed, for the instruction of the uninitiated;

“ From the insatiable desire of riches, I have digged beneath
“ the earth; I have sought by *Chymistry* to transmute the metals
“ of the mountains.

“ I have traversed the queen of the oceans; I have *toiled incessant*
“ for the *gratification* of monarchs (*Dukes and Bishops*.)

“ *I have not gained one cowry*.—Begone, O Avarice, the business
“ is over!”

And with this elegant *Afilogue* or Poem *my business* is also over; for which, no more than yourself, I certainly shall *not gain one cowry*; but the Muses and *Avarice* were never yet allied to each other;

* Dissert. on Oriental Languages, &c. ed. 2d. p. 179.

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
 Raptat Amor; *juvat* ire jugis, que nulla priorum
 Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

I should not have troubled you with these *cursor* and flimsy remarks on this *Gentoo Code*, and the original Shanscritta tongue, had I not known your peculiar fondness for the subject, and the universality of your genius, which comprehends or at least grasps at knowledge with so vehement an ardour; that it is at last forced to cry out in the agony of literary despair “† It is a mortifying reflection; that we know *very little* of the history of the human race; *especially*—when there is a *probability* that we *might* know more!”

I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir,

your most obliged and devoted servant,

Now within my dark domain,
 Let me, let me sleep again.

P. S. I think proper to inform such of my Readers as it may concern, that I have bidden a long farewell to the more enchanting dreams of *Poetry*, that I may cultivate the power of prose; nor shall I ever resume my Poetry again, except I should endeavour to accomplish a very extensive design, which is now in embryo, upon Imposture in general, but particularly on the worst species of it, *Literary Imposture*. If my necessary avocations should not permit me to compleat it; I may then *possibly* reduce it to the form of an Heroic Epistle to the celebrated Dr. Graham of the Adelphi. I never expect to be a favourite with the public at large, who certainly cannot relish compositions like mine; but there are some who understand and know their worth: If I am asked who they are, I reply, the

Pauci quos æquus amavit
 Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera Virtus,
 Diis geniti!

† Dr. W.'s Discourse to his Ely Clergy, May 9 and 10, 1780. p. 6. See also my remarks on this passage—Heroic Address to Dr. W. p. 15, &c.

A
DISSERTATION,

BY

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

Concerning the UTILITY and IMPORTANCE

OF THE

ORIENTAL LANGUAGES;

With short NOTES, by the EDITOR.

Οἶον ὃ τῷ πολλῷ εἰσετατο δαφνίδος ὀρχη.
Οἷα δ' ὅλον το μελαθρον! ἑκας, ἑκας ὅστις αλιτρος.
Και δι που τὰ θυρετρα καλῶ ποδι Φοῖβος ἀρασσει.
Αὐτοὶ νῦν κατοχῆς ἀνακλινεσθε πύλων,
Αὐταὶ καὶ κληίδες· ὃ γὰρ Θεὸς ἔμετι μακρῶν.
Οἱ δὲ ΝΕΟΙ μόλπην τε καὶ ἐς χορον ἐντυγεσθε. CALLIM.

This TREATISE, called *Munnoo Smisfee*, will enlighten the World like a Torch.
Code of Gentoo Laws, ed. 8vo. Tranf. Pref. p. xxxix.

فَقَالَتْ يَبِينُ إِلَهَ مَا لَكَ حِيلَةٌ

Fakalât yaminallahi ma lika hilatoun.

Moollakat Amralkeifi, Dist. 27.

Which being interpreted, is,
By the right hand of God, you shall (no longer) be deceived.

LONDON: PRINTED 1780.

DICTIONARY

BY

MARTIN SCHEFFER

Containing the Utterance and Pronunciation

OF THE

ORIENTAL LANGUAGES

With Four Notes

One of the principal objects of this work is to afford a means of acquiring a knowledge of the Oriental Languages, and of the Utterance and Pronunciation of the Words which they contain. It is intended to be a Dictionary of the Utterance and Pronunciation of the Words of the Oriental Languages, and of the Utterance and Pronunciation of the Words which they contain.

This Treatise, called *Memorabilia*, will contain the Utterance and Pronunciation of the Words of the Oriental Languages, and of the Utterance and Pronunciation of the Words which they contain.

By the right hand of God, you shall see the Utterance and Pronunciation of the Words of the Oriental Languages, and of the Utterance and Pronunciation of the Words which they contain.

Which being interpreted, is

By the right hand of God, you shall see the Utterance and Pronunciation of the Words of the Oriental Languages, and of the Utterance and Pronunciation of the Words which they contain.

LONDON: Printed 1780.

TO THE
Rev. JOHN DOUGLAS, D.D. &c. &c.
THE ARCH-DETECTOR
OF
LITERARY IMPOSTORS,
THE FOLLOWING
DISSERTATION
IS INSCRIBED,
BY THE EDITOR.

ΔΗΟΙ εκ παντος ὕδωρ φορεῖσι Μελισσαι,
Ἀλλ' ἥτις καθαρήτε καὶ ἀχρᾶαντος ἀνερπει
Πίδακος ἐξ ἱερῆς ὀλίγη λιβάς, ἀκρον αὐτον.

CALLIM.

Ἀσσυρια Ποταμοιο μεγάς ῥοός· ἀλλὰ τὰ πάντα
Λυματα γῆς, καὶ πολλὸν ἐφ' ὕδατι συρφετον ἔλκει. IB.

Wide flows th' *Affyrian* River's streaming pride;
But scurf and ugly slime distain its swelling tide.

JOHN DOUGLAS & CO.

THE ARCHITECTS

LITERARY INVESTIGATORS

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A DISSERTATION, &c.

AS it is an opinion universally assented to by all the learned of every denomination in the various climates of the habitable world, that the life of man is always commensurate to the vast designs his spirit forms, and that very few interruptions intervene to impede their completion; that the same vivacity constantly animates him, if the slight attacks of a fever or the stone give not a momentary respite to his labours; that subjects of interesting curiosity require the same attention as the vulgar occupations of the flock and herd of the species; it has therefore been a matter of much marvel unto my understanding, that Oriental Manners, Literature, and *Languages* have been so long buried in oblivion, till my chosen sons, Chambers*, Richardson, and Watson, in their several departments, raised them from their grave to the notice and admiration of the world.

It is a deep observation of my son Richardson†, that “The manners of mankind must ever form an interesting enquiry. In every

* Martinus Scriblerus wisely declines to meddle with the property of *Malcom Macgreggor, Esq.* except in the mere mention of his name.

† John Richardson, Esq. F. S. A. Author of the *Dissertation of Oriental Languages, &c.* and *Author of an Arabic Dictionary*.—I beg leave to copy a note from my Heroic Address to Dr. W. relative to this gentleman. “Every friend to Oriental Literature will hope that a certain *Great Personage* will attend to a hint given by Mr. Richardson in his *Dissertation*. Among many instances of *Tamerlane's* attention to literature, he presented *Firusbadi, Author of an Arabic Dictionary*, with FIVE THOUSAND PIECES OF GOLD, as a reward for his industry and learning.” (*Dissert.* 2d ed. p. 238.)

Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.

“Though I fear, if Mr. R. were to apply at St. James's for *Firusbadi's* reward, he would receive an answer like that which Alexander gave to the ambassadors of Darab,

“ every age and climate they display a wonderful diversity of character, and exhibit a picture so *variously coloured*, that we are convinced *by experience alone*, that the great *original* of the whole is *Man* †.” I imagine however my son Watson would not entirely agree with him, as thinking that this writer, though elegant, does not pay sufficient reverence to the wandering tribes and hordes of the worshipful the *Orang-Outangs*, the *apron-bellied Caffres*, and the *moon-eyed Albinos*; who are so *variously coloured* *, that it may admit of a doubt, whether *experience* really does *convince* us, that the great and sole *original* of the whole is *Man*. I would observe with paternal affection for them both, that there is much to be said on both sides; but as *Man* is the only animal that useth *articulate speech*, I cannot accede to my *archi-diaconal* favourite, in conceiving that *Orang-Outangs* and *Caffres* are any of the personages delineated in my Richardson’s *variously-coloured picture*; which expression I admire, as he evidently alluded to Cebes’s picture of *human life*, which for *some moments* has escaped the sagacity of my *darling Richard*. But I by no means intend to treat in this place of language in general, having in my *memoirs* considered it in all its parts; but mean to confine myself to the *Oriental tongues*, that the world may no longer entertain a doubt of their utility, and be convinced of the folly of those who refuse to cultivate them, and who, in the words of true eloquence ‡, “ unconscious of its importance, fritter away this short period of existence in a frivolous attention to trivial concerns, and in a *slavish* subserviency to the *uniform prejudices of the age and country* in which they happen to be born.”

“ when they demanded the annual tribute of golden eggs; ‘ That the bird which laid them was flown to the other (or *Western*) world.” (Dissert. p. 59.)

Quod si

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud

Ad Libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,

Bæotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

“ But Mr. R. has told us, that ‘ Riches and Honour conferred on *men of genius* in the East, has nothing similar in *our Western world*.” Dissert. ed. 2d. p. 75.

Heroic Address, p. 22.

† Dissert. ed. 2d. p. 1.

* Many of their Backs are like the Dove’s neck in Tasso:

Varia e vaga

In cento modi i riguardanti appaga.

Tasso. l. 15.

† Dr. Watson’s Discourse to the Clergy of Ely, May 9 and 10, 1780. p. 8.

Prejudices

Prejudices they certainly are; though my principles are not so *flavish* as to approve of the despotism of the East, and cannot but reflect with horror on that bloody-minded tyrant, “* who could “ with indifference make pyramids of heads, and *bake thousands* “ *alive in a mud pye*, or pound them in a mortar.” My sons furnish me so frequently with beautiful sentences, that the reader will pardon a father’s vanity, in being willing to display their own deep observations in their own words, and in their own innate lustre :

Posthabui illorum mea seria ludo.

But my business is with language alone. With what rapture do I contemplate the Hebrew, the Chaldaic or Syriac, the Arabic, Phœnician, Egyptian, Azotian, Persian, Parthian, Median, Elamite, Cappadocian, Pontic, Asiatic, Pamphylian, Lycaonic, Cretan, *Shanscritta*, and—would I might name thee, thou antique *Nagri*! but compassion for *my Richard*’s feelings prevents my utterance—he would have celebrated thee—but—his emotions were too strong—he tried in vain—† ;

Tu quoque magnam

Partem opere in tanto, *fineret dolor*, Icare, haberes.

Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,

Bis cecidere manus.

Had he tried the *third* time, who knows what might have been the consequence!—

As to the different antiquity of these Languages, my son Richardson informs me, “† that St. Ephraim and St. Basil *insist* that “ the Aramean or Mesopotamian dialect of the Syriac, was *that* in “ which God delivered his commands to Adam; the Maronites “ contend for the Chaldaic; Mr. Webb for the Chinese; Goropius “ Becanus and Pezron *are warm* for the Teutonic; whilst Gregory

* Richardson’s Dissert. ed. 2d. p. 375.

† See Dr. W.’s *golden Discourse*—and his pathetic lamentations on the burning of three thousand *Nagri* manuscripts—“A loss this *much* to be *regretted*!” p. 8. Woe unto thee *Nagal*! thy houses shall become desolate—for in thy territories they perished—no more shall, &c. &c.

‡ Richardson’s Dissert. ed. 2d. p. 228.

“ Nyssæus

" Nyssaëus (or Gregorius Nazianzenus) declares his antagonist
 " Eunomius an *impious Heretic* for supposing man to have *received*
 " *any language whatever* from God."

Sic sic se habererem necesse prorsus est;
Ratione vincis; do lubens manus, Plato.

I cannot but regard with abhorrence the interpolations of modern
Parfi Destours or Priests; it is the *original* languages which I adore;
 for I am *convinced* with Mr. Richardson, that " * the following and
 " similar words could *hardly* ever have been *articulated* by a Per-
 " sian: *Rethvaumtchè, Khshetreiao, Jàrienmtché, Thvoreschtara*
 " *Veretregbnhetche*;" I might add by any other Oriental or Occi-
 dental persons whatsoever; they are evident forgeries.

As to the language of Arabia no one is hardy enough to deny its
 utility or antiquity, as its " † Source lies far beyond historic proof."
 But as to *the pains* which the Arabians themselves have taken with
 their language, my son Richardson has put them beyond a doubt.
 Away with the diligence of a Stephens or a Johnson; let the Ori-
 entals be the great guides; their unexampled *sedulity* is yet, and
 ever will be, unrivalled. Hear Bishop Pocock in his preface to the
Carmen Tograi; I have not the work by me, but a son supplies the
 deficiencies of his father. " ‡ A king having sent to a grammarian
 " for the books in his possession relative to that tongue, he desired
 " the messenger to inform the monarch, that if *he wished* to have
 " them, he must send SIXTY CAMELS § *to carry the Dictionaries*
 " *alone.*" This is a circumstance, which my dear Richardson says
 " *may give some idea* of the pains which the Arabians have taken
 " with their language." I blush for Europe. When shall we see
 such royal Patrons of Oriental Literature as " ¶ *Malekshah Jelaleddin,*
 " King of Persia; *Keder ben Ibrahim*, Sultan of the *Gheznevdes*;
 " and *Keder Khan*, the *Khakan*, or King of Turquestan, beyond
 " the Gihon." When will George the Third, King of Great
 Britain, rival the mighty *Khakan*, and support my sons Richardson
 and Watson in the same barbaric splendor, in which the *Khakan*

* Richardson ut sup. p. 231.

† Richardson, p. 4.

‡ Richardson ut sup. p. 230.

§ About 300 horse-loads.

¶ Richardson ut sup. p. 32 & 33.

" supported

“ supported a literary Academy in his palace consisting of a hundred men of the highest reputation in the East *.” When shall we see my adored *Watson*, like “ *Amak*, who was called *Abounagib al Bokhari*, who was the *Ustadu'l shoara* or Chief of the Poets, possesses, exclusive of a great pension, among other articles of Eastern Luxury, a vast number of male and female slaves, with thirty horses of state richly caparisoned, and a retinue in proportion to attend HIM wherever he goes ?”—Name not the Europeans, name not the regions of the West ; they possess neither Patrons nor Authors ; but “ Amongst the Oriental Historians, Philosophers, Rhetoricians, and Poets, many will be found, who would do honour to any age or people ; while their romances, their tales, and their fables stand upon a ground, which Europeans, in some points, have have hardly yet found powers, to reach †.” It is, it is ; *Joseph my Son is yet alive*—

Avaunt and quit my sight—let the earth hide ye,
Ye Newtons, Bacons, Miltons, Bolingbrokes,
Cervantes, Fielding, and absurd Le Sage,
Your bones are marrowless, your blood is cold ;
Ye have no speculation in those eyes,
Which ye do glare with !

Another remarkable circumstance which recommends the Orientals, is their attention to Chronology ; not deciding with dogmatical certainty within a century or two, but leaving it open to the world to determine as to the probability of the time and place of the existence of any celebrated personage ; for instance, *Zoroaster*. Take my son *Richardson*'s account of him ; and observe how necessary it is that the foundation of all real knowledge should be laid in doubt. “ † *ZOROASTER*, by *Pliny*, is called a *Proconnesian* ; by *Suidas*, an *Assyrian* and *Medo-Persian* ; by others he is stiled “ a *Pamphylian*, an *Armenian*, a *Bactrian*, an *Indian*, and a *Chinese*. His *æra* is still more wide of possibility than his Birth-

* Evidently such an Academy as *Dr. Watson* wishes to have established at *Cambridge*, merely for the sake of *Sir Jacob Downing*'s reputation, without the least consideration of his own.

† *Richardson* ut sup. p. 34.

† *Richardson* ut sup. p. 230.

H

“ place.

place. Pliny (l. 30. c. 1.) places him *thousands of years* before Moses: Heliodorus, Platonius, Hermippus, and Plutarch, 5000 years before the siege of Troy; Suidas, only 500 years before that period; Eudoxas, 6009 years before the death of Plato; Xanthus Lydius 600 years before Darius Hyftaspes. Justin 1300 years before Sardanapalus; while others fix him in the days of Ninus and Semiramis, who seem to be *equally* undefined with himself. Some Eastern writers place Zerdusht (or Zoroaster) 1300 years after the flood; some make him the disciple of Elija or Elisha, others of Ozair, Ezra or Esdras. Some consider him as Abraham; others as the usurper Zohak; and some, according to d'Herbelot, have conceived him to have been Smerdus Magus. But the greater number make him contemporary with Kishtab, King of Persia, and *consequently*, suppose him to have lived near 500 years before the Christian æra."

Intervalla vides *humane* commoda:

You perceive, like our first Father, "the world was all before him, "where to choose his place of rest;" and succeeding generations are permitted to weigh the matter, before they fix their place of appulse; and may be inclined to say with Archimedes, $\Delta\omicron\varsigma\ \pi\epsilon\ \sigma\tau\omega$.

I must now beg leave to speak something relative to the æra of the Creation of the World, among that learned and polished nation *the Hindoos*, which tends to create more sublime and rational notions than those which some ignorant Pretenders to science have adopted from Moses. " * Their *plausible* accounts of those remote ages, and their undeviating confidence *in their own assertions*, never can fail to make *some impression* upon us, in proportion as we gain " a *clearer insight* into them." This is the observation of a *Relation*† of mine, Mr. Nathaniel Brassey Halhed in his Preface to his Translation of the Code of Gentoo Laws. He then informs us of the stupendous intervals of duration, the *four Yagues* or *distinct* ages of the world, according to the *Hindoos*. They are as follow:

* Code of Gentoo Laws, ed. 8vo. Translat. Pref. p. xxxvi.

† Mr. Halhed, the Translator of the Code, is by no means a *son* of the great Scribe, though there are evident marks of *relationship* to him,

" 1. The

“ 1. The *Suttee Jogue* (or age of *Purity*) is said to have lasted
 “ 3,200,000 years; and they hold that the life of man was, in
 “ that age, extended to 100,000 years, and that his stature was
 “ 21 cubits.

“ 2. The *Tirtāh Jogue* (or age in which one-third of mankind
 “ were *reprobate*) they suppose to have consisted of 2,400,000
 “ years, and that men then lived to the age of 10,000 years.

“ 3. The *Dwāpār † Jogue* (in which half of the human race
 “ became *depraved*) endured 1,600,000 years, and men's lives
 “ were reduced to 1000 years.

“ 4. The *Collee Jogue* (in which all mankind are *corrupted* or
 “ rather *lessened*, for that is the true meaning of *Collee*) is the pre-
 “ sent æra, which they suppose ordained to subsist 400,000, of
 “ which near 5000 years are already past, and man's life in this
 “ period is limited to 100 years.”

What an august idea does this account raise in the inquisitive mind of the wonders of Creation, and of the dignity of the human race! What a just reflection does my *Nathaniel* make upon it! He cries out, and well he may; “ *Computation is lost and conjecture overwhelmed* in the attempt to adjust such *astounding* spaces of time to our own *confined* notion of the World's Epoch, to such antiquity the Mosaic Creation is but as yesterday; and to such ages the life of Methuselah is no more than a span.” No doubt this is a marvellous consideration, and we may reasonably imagine did confound for a space many wise Bramins and other great Personages; and we find among the number RAJAH PRICHUTT, who lived in the earliest ages of the *Collee Jogue*. Mr. Halhed informs us, that at the *inspiration* of this RAJAH “ * A work was composed by *Shūbhēk Diew*, a learned Bramin (son of *Beafs*, the famous author of the *Mahābāreh*) containing the history of India through the preceding Jagues, with the succession of the several Rajahs,

† I perceive Martinus has not forgot the *Mātrāngs*, or Musical Notes.

* Code ut sup. Trans. Pref. p. xliii.

“ and

“ and the duration of their reigns. This curious history, called “ SHREE BHAGBUT, still subsists, divided into twelve *Ascond* “ or Books (literally branches) and into *three thousand and twenty* “ *chapters.*” Hear, ye *Occidental Sceptics!* Bow before this learned Bramin, and lament your † *State of irremediable ignorance* in these glorious eastern tongues! Is it a small thing to be able to read the original of histories not only of times that have been, but of times *which never were?* My *Nathaniel* cries out, “ *What shall we say to* “ A WORK composed 4000 years ago, and from thence tracing “ mankind upwards through *several millions* of years?” † *What shall we say to it?*—Vulgar unenlightened souls would reply,—*No-thing at all*; but my children, and all votaries of true erudition have learned better things.

Magnus ab integro *Sæclorum* nascitur Ordo!

But what I esteem as the primary effort of human sagacity and the chief glory of the present age, is to behold the pride of Greece, that vaunting, *shallow-dabbling*, muddle-headed nation, humbled and prostrate in the dust before the feet of—* *my son Richardson!* Where is now the boast of Marathon? where the hardy deeds of

† This elegant expression *Martinus* has borrowed from his son *Watson*. Disc. to the Clergy of Ely, p. 6.

‡ “ To borrow a favourite word from the learned gentleman, there is something *chaotic* in all this.” Richardson ut sup. p. 393.

Mr. R. is speaking of Mr. *Bryant*; whom he was silly enough to attack. Mr. *Bryant* has spoken for himself on the occasion; so I am silent.

* Richardson ut sup. ch. 2. sect. 2. in which he treats the Greek writers with unexampled cruelty. What I observed about Dr. W. with regard to the *Arabic* tongue, seems to be true with respect to this Gentleman, *mutatis mutandis*.

“ They then talked to him in the *Arabic* (here, read *Greek*) Tongue; which, *he not understanding*, it was observed to have very great weight with him.” Swift of Ed. Curl.

Mr. Richardson says, in the above chapter, that “ we (read *He*) dispute not the existence of our English *Arthur*, though we believe not in the *Giants* and *Magic* of *Geoffrey*, “ of *Monmouth.*” I remember Mr. *Bryant* once *told me himself*, that he *did dispute* the existence of Prince *Arthur*; *Geoffrey* and *his Giants* he would not meddle with, being but a *little man* himself: however he was a mortal foe to the *Trojan horse* (or *mare*), and had a few scruples about the *Trojan war* itself; but while he was descanting on the aforesaid *Trojan mare*, methought,

Stetit illa tremens, uteroq; recusso,
Insonuere cavæ, gemitumq; dedere cavernæ!

Salamis?

Salamins † where the bold unsubmitting soul of the Spartan hero? Behold, my son has reversed the wonders of Ithuriel's spear, a touch of his steel has reduced those gigantic shapes to pygmy stature!

I rejoice the more, for now the world will lay aside those execrable models of † pretended just writing, the Herodotus, the Thucydides, and the Xenophons; while the *Firdousis*, the *Kbondemirs*, the *Moroujoldahabs* will rear their reverend heads! no longer shall my neglected *Kbondemir* complain in unavailing anguish ‡, "That since the age of *reason and discernment*, he has employed his time incessantly, in reading and research after *history*, collecting every thing *useful and agreeable* from the works of the best writers;" and yet be unregarded. Lo! the day-star of the Orient beams diffusive splendor! they come, they come; Sons of the morning! Lords of the *new Ascendant*! Richardson and Watson!

Ad^b Auroræ populis et littore rubro
Ægyptum, vireſq; Orientis, et ultima ſecum
Bactra vehunt!

They trample with just indignation on the *meagre* productions of Athens—the Greeks! *Αυτοχθόνες*, indeed?—*but I forbear*—it is true—*Dust they were: to Dust let them return*. Let my Sons in their stead be considered as the objects of adoration; let the same worship be paid to them as "to the Ægyptian Onion, the Druid Oak, or the great Arabian Stone Devil in the valley of Mouna*."

My Richardson says, with justice||, "We have the history of the Persians, as given us by the Greeks; and the history of the Persians, as written *by themselves*." Away with these pestilential Greeks; the Persians must have been *best* informed of *their own* achievements;

Vestigia Græca

Auſi deferere et celebrare *domestica* facta,

† As the Roman Catholics say, L'Eglise *pretendûe reformée*.

‡ Preface to his Universal History.

* Richardson ut sup. p. 112.

|| Dissert. ut sup. p. 51.

they could have *no* motives to aggrandize *their own* renown; they must speak the whole truth. Where is the Great Cyrus? where the Lydian Cræsus? where the lordly Cambyfes and his frantic expedition against the Ethiopians?—The Persian knows them not; my Son disclaims them: he scorns the acquaintance of *Smerdis Magus*, from an honest regard to his well-earn'd reputation; he never heard the snorting of the Hyftaspean horse; nor can he find a vestige of blood on the well-foughten plain of Marathon. Thermopylæ vanish before him; the Persian speaks; he waves his magic wand; and lo, the visionary Fabric of Grecian structure dissolves, like the icy-pillar'd dome before the ray of Mithras:

Nè più il Palagio appar; nè pur le sue
Vestigia, nè dir puossi, Egli quì fue!

Will any man refuse now to give up a *few years* of his existence to the cultivation of Persian and Arabian lore, when he has an opportunity offered him of investigating the most precious and interesting truths? Will any one presume to say, that “man is born “but to die, and reasons but to err,” when he sees what a Richardson has performed? Will not the noble and ingenuous youth of the age engage with avidity in this palæstra? Will they not be tempted (as it requires so *trifling* a part of their life) will they not, I say, be tempted to explore † “Manuscripts, which at present *might almost as well be at Japan;*” as “from among a *great many of small value*, some real literary treasures would *perhaps* be discovered;” but *especially* as there is a probability that they might at last be convinced on good grounds that, “The Grecian writers, “to dignify their country, *may have* turned an hyperbole into an “historic fact; and swelled *the thousands* of the *Persian Satrap* into “the *millions* of the *Persian King* §?”

I think, from what has been advanced relative to the Persian and Arabic tongues *, no one can entertain a doubt, whether young
men

† Richardson's Dissert. ut sup. p. 477.

§ Richardson, p. 54.

* As Martinus Scriblerus has wholly declined giving any account of Oriental manners, I cannot but mention a singular trait of their *humanity*, from Mr. Richardson, whom Martinus so justly regards with an affectionate eye. He observes that “The supersti-
tious

men of genius and abilities, and of *fine talents*, should, as *my own* offspring, my beloved Watson, has observed, “ be for ever confined “ to the making a few *meagre* additions to the learned labours of “ such as have gone before them, in publishing or commenting on “ the works of *Greek* and *Roman* authors, whilst the extensive field “ of *Arabic*, *Persic*, and *Chinese* literature remains unknown or un- “ explored.” As to *Chinese*, I think youth may defer the investigation of the treasures contained in *that* language, till a more mature age; as I believe the Bramins themselves by no means understand the whole of their scope; nor can unfold the various significations even of one and the same character. I give this ~~merely~~ as my opinion, and as the only thing in which I differ from that *profound* writer; yet I would be sorry to be considered as setting bounds to a laudable ambition. But, however, as I am rather inclined to debar them from that *alluring study*; I cannot on the other hand speak too rapturously of the *Shanscritta* language, as the treasures concealed therein are great. If the charms of Poetry or Philosophy ever caught their musing hours; here the young student might revel unrestrained and quaff boldly the inspiring draught, the

Spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluat auro!

I shall give some few specimens of *Shanscritta* Poetry and Erudition with which my relation Mr. Nathaniel Brasley Halhed has supplied me, in his preface to the Code of Gentoo Laws. What delicacy of sentiment in the old Hindoo bards! What lively and pleasing images! What harmonious metre! How obvious the sentiment! How easy is the perception of it to the meanest understanding!

To see their beauties no man needs to stoop:

They have the whole horizon for their hoop! †

“ tious respect which *Eastern* people have entertained for *Ideots*, is wonderful! This “ singular veneration (he adds) which has been shewn for *natural Ideots*, might often, “ we may easily believe, induce *artful men* to counterfeit folly, either to advance their “ fortunes, or, &c.” I cannot pretend to distinguish between counterfeit and *natural ideots*; I therefore only suppose that some modern writers on Eastern subjects are *counterfeits*, as no man can have the temerity to consider them as *natural Ideots*.

† Welsford's Poems.

First,

First, I shall gratify the chosen youth with a *proverbial ode*, as it might be termed; or in the original

An Asblogue Anushtose Chund, or regular stanza of eight syllables,
in each line.

Pēetā chē rēenēwān shētrōōh

Mātā shētrōōh rēshēēlēenēē

Bhāryā rōōpēwētēē shētrōōh

Pōōtrēh shētrōō rēpundēētēh.

The verses are *supposed* to be regular dimeter Iambics; the translation is as follows:

A father in debt is an enemy (to his son).

A mother of scandalous behaviour is an enemy (to her son).

A wife of a beautiful figure is an enemy (to her husband).

A son of no learning is an enemy (to his parents).

We perceive here the whole beauty of each verse is reserved for the *parenthetic extremities*; how marvellously is the attention sustained till the end of each verse! *without* the parenthesis it would be equally unintelligible to the vulgar or learned reader. They remind me of *Prince Prettyman's* verses in the Rehearsal; in which it was difficult to conceive where the vis was concealed. Where (says, I forget who) does the joke lie?—Lie? (says Mr. Bayes) in the *Boots*, to be sure; which every one will allow to be Parentheses in which the extremities of men's understandings are enclosed.

I shall next present my reader with a Poem in which the beauties of nature and art are displayed with a simplicity of language and elegance of sentiment hitherto unrivalled. It is

An Asblogue Munneb Hurreneb Chund, or stanza of twelve
syllables.

Shēshēēnā chē nēēshā nēēshēyāchē shēshēē, &c.

Trans-

Translated thus :

The night is for the moon, and the moon is for the night :
When the moon and the night are together, it is the glory of
the heavens.

The lotus, or water-lilly, is for the stream ; and the stream is
for the water-lilly :

When the stream and the water-lilly meet, it is the glory of
the canal.

“ This *beautiful* species of composition (says Mr. Halhed) is
“ called the *Köondēlēē Chund*, from *Köondēlēē*, a circle, and an-
swers nearly to the word *Rondeau*, which sort of verse it exactly
“ imitates.” What harmony might be conjoined with such words
of pleasaunce ! Oh that Sacchini, or Bertoni may except of this hint
from me ! The musical world is already acquainted with sympho-
nies *expressing* the flight of clouds †, the descent of angels *, and all
that admits of expression in picturesque sound : how easy then would
be the conception, if proper notes could be adapted to *express* the
advancing of the moon to the night, and of the night to the moon,
especially as, in the act of concurrence, that dreadful catastrophe
mentioned by the Great Tragedian could not take place ; namely,

When Gods met Gods, and jostled *in the dark* !

But let us not rest here, let us behold the recesses of the human
heart laid open ; let us no longer contemplate mere inanimate ob-
jects ; It is : it is : I feel the power of sympathy—I melt—I burn
—the magic of poetry prevails—Read this extatic

Ashloguē Aryāchund, or irregular stanza.

Sējgēnūsyē hrēdēyum nēwēnēetum, &c.

Translated thus :

The good man's heart is like butter,
The poets say ; but herein they are mistaken :
Upon beholding another's life exposed to calamities,
The good man melts :—*but it is not so with butter* !

† Gretry.

* Corelli.

My relation Mr. Halhed, in confirmation of this truth, namely, "that *butter* does not melt at *another man's* calamities," says, "The simile is not just, *because* it (that is, *butter*) does not *express the powers of sympathy*, which are the characteristic part of the good man's disposition." How deep and ingenious both the text and the comment! In vain will the Genii of the West attempt to *wash their steps* in sympathetic oriental *butter* like this. When shall we see the streams of their poetry *poured forth like rivers of oil*? It is no longer to be contested; they are not merely the

Maronis

Altisoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam;

they are incontestably superior. May no one ever attempt to destroy the *generous* stock; may it pullulate for ever with increasing vigour! But should any unholy Goth presume to lift his arm against it, it will bloom even in destruction; and, like its own sandal-tree, impart even to the edge of the unfeeling axe its aromatic flavour.

Let me once more claim your attention; you see that our Northern and Western beauties are mere lifeless clods to these: The Gentoos, I find, believe in a Metempsychosis; and Mr. Halhed, says, "An ancient Shaster, called the *Gēetā*, written by Adhâê Doom, has a *beautiful stanza* upon this system of transmigration, "which he compares to a *change of dress*."

An *Asblogue Chābee Chund*;

On the transmigration of souls.

Wāsāmsēē jēernānēē yēt, hā wēēhāyē, &c.

Transmigrated into English thus:

As, throwing aside his old habits,
A man puts on others that are new;
So, our lives quitting the old,
Go to other newer animals.

We

We here perceive the *beauties* of poetry in comparison united; I refrain my admiration, or its ecstacy would know no bounds. Let us next lend our ear to sage philosophy, which may allay the strong ferment, and compose the soul to holiest meditation.

My Halhed informs me, "that the *four Beids* (or sacred scriptures) are not in verse as has been erroneously imagined, but in "a kind of measured prose, called *Pungtee Chund*;" but when he has raised our expectation, he then depresses it, by observing that "from the many obsolete terms used in the *Beids*, from the conciseness and obscurity of their dialect, and from the particularity "of the modulation in which they must be recited, they are now "hardly intelligible; very few of the *most learned Pundits*, and those "only who have employed *many years of painful study* upon this one "task, pretend to have *the smallest knowledge* of the originals." What a mortifying and melancholy consideration this! How shall it be repaired? Comments alone can supply the deficiency; and fortunately many have been penned; "one whereof was written by "Bisesh Mahamoonie, or *The most wise*, a great writer and prophet, who is said to have written in the *Suttee Jogue*, or First "Age of the World." The style of this writer is said to be clear, but very concise. I shall give a specimen of his comment on the first chapter of the *Reig Beid*, on the Power of the Supreme Being. The original begins thus:

Shrēe Gēnâêshāyē Nēmēh, &c.

Part of which translated is as follows: but it cannot too often be inculcated, how much the original must be superior: which demonstrates the necessity of cultivating the *original* tongue.

"* By the omniscient spirit (Brehm) the operations of God are "enlivened; by this spirit the twenty-four powers of nature are "animated. How is this? *As the eye by the sun, as the pot by the "fire, as iron by the magnet, as variety of imitations by the mimic, "as fire by the fuel, as the shadow by the man, as dust by the "wind, as the arrow by the spring of the bow, and as the shade by*

* Translator's Pref. to Code of Gentoo Laws, p. xxxiii. ed. 8vo.

"the

“ *the tree*; so by this spirit, the world is endued with the powers
 “ of intellect, the powers of the will, and the powers of action;
 “ *so that if* it emanates from the heart by the channel of *the ear*,
 “ it causes the perception of *sounds*; *if* it emanates from the heart
 “ by the channel of *the skin*, it causes the perception of *the touch*;
 “ *if* it emanates from the heart by the channel of *the eye*, it causes
 “ the perception of *visible objects*; *if* it emanates from the heart by
 “ the channel of *the tongue*, it causes the perception of *taste*; *if* it
 “ emanates from the heart by the channel of *the nose*, it causes the
 “ perception of *smell*. This also invigorating the five members of
 “ *action*†, and invigorating the five members of *perception*‡, and
 “ invigorating the five *Elements*§, and invigorating the five *senses*,
 “ and invigorating the *three dispositions*|| of the mind, &c. causes the
 “ creation or the annihilation of the universe; *while itself beholds*
 “ *every thing as an indifferent spectator*. Wherefore this omniscience
 “ thus centered in *Brehm* is called *Serwaesher* (or the Lord of all);
 “ and this Lord, *as a player doth*, is perpetually shifting his mode
 “ of operation, by a variety of gradations, *as a dancer shifts his steps*.”
 Thus far the doctrine of the Reid.

Here at one view are displayed the most sublime figures of speech,
 the most recondite erudition, and the soundest philosophy. For
 behold the twenty-four powers of nature called into animation! Pots
 boiling on the fire, imitations caused by mimics, and shadows
 by trees; then *Its*, emanations and channels; invigorations of all
 members, elements, senses, and dispositions; creation and annihilation;
 while the Supreme Being himself is represented; not as superintending
 his works by his Providence (according to vulgar conceptions) but in his
 true light, *as an indifferent spectator*; though exerting, as occasion
 requires, all the energy of a player, joined to the agility of a dancer.
 Let my sons bow to this recondite philo-

† Hand, Foot, Tongue, Arms, and Yard.

‡ Ear, Eye, Nose, Mouth, and Skin.

§ Besides the four, the Hindoos add a fifth, *a subtile ather*, which they call *Akâsh*, and suppose to be the medium of sound.—N. B. One would think Sir Isaac Newton had been dabbling in Hindoo Philosophy.

|| Desire, Passion, and Tranquillity.

sophy; let them forsake the olive grove and the storied * Portico, and mix in hallowed communion with the sages of Hindostanic mystery!

Moreover, that the world may be convinced of the true use of *Allegory* and its liveliest power; I shall indulge them with a very small part of the explanation of the *Ashummee Jug*, or the Ceremony of the Sacred Horse†.

“ The head of that unblemished *Horse* is the symbol of the morning; his eyes are the sun; his body typifies one entire year; his back, Paradise; his belly the plains; his hoof this earth; his sides the four quarters of the heavens; his bones are *the constellations of the fixed stars*; (Dii Boni!) his flesh the clouds; his food, the sand; his tendons, the rivers; his spleen and liver, the mountains, &c. &c. &c.” This, as my Halhed observes, is the very acmè and enthusiasm of allegory, and wonderfully displays the picturesque powers of fancy in an Asiatic Genius.

I have now descanted sufficiently on the utility and importance of the Oriental Languages, to prove how futile all the objections must be which witlings and false philosophers would raise against the immortal works of such sons of mine as a Watson and a Richardson. How absurd to cultivate those false models of writing, the idle boast of Greece and Rome, in preference to the lore of inmost Asia, the treasures yet unexplored, the philosophy of hoary Bramins and venerable Pundits.

May the Shanfcritta, the Persian, the Arabian tongues become the darling objects of the literary hope of Albion; may they renounce the vanities of former ages; and as to the Language of Palestine, the *Hebrew dialect*, may it sink into deserved and universal contempt, as no man, in *this enlightened age*, could with propriety pore over a language which possesses but ONE BOOK, whose tenets

* Quoque docet braccatis illita Medis Porticus. PERS.

† Translator's Pref. to the Code of Gentoo Laws, p. xviii.

and doctrine every wise man hath long since refused to embrace. What is the tinsel of an Isaiah, the *cliquant* of an Ezechiel, the idle modulation of the Mosaic Job, or the frantic visions of a Daniel; when compared with the energy of a Firdousi, the sterling bul- lion of an Ebu'l Fared, the sonorous melody of an Hafezi, or the hallowed transports of Arabia's Prophet? Henceforth may the powers displayed in the climes of the South be no longer had in remembrance; let the North and the West bow with willing submission before the Genius of all-conquering Asia!

There the warm planet ripens and sublimes
The well-bak'd beauties of those favour'd climes:
Our *Phæbus* is a bungler in his trade;
His keenest arrows are in ASIA made †.

† Imitated from Dryden's *Don Sebastian*.

F I N I S